

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 23.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1825.

LADIES MUSEUM.

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EATON W. MAXCY,

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Miscellany.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, DECEMBER 26, 1825.

Dear Frank—Twelve months have now elapsed since my arrival in this town, and for the first time I now place myself at my desk, for the purpose of redeeming, in a measure, the pledge I left with you, on bidding adieu to the "scenes of my childhood and youth." I cannot, however, proceed, without appealing to your good humor, and begging an excuse for my apparent neglect, in suffering so long a time to pass, without witnessing the fulfilment of my engagements.

I am now, as you will naturally anticipate, pleasantly situated in the midst of a large and flourishing town—no less a one than "the third in New-England, in point of population"—surrounded by almost every branch of traffic and industry, which is the ordinary pursuit of mankind, and myself become a busy actor in that vast scene of speculation and strife, which had heretofore been only known to me through the medium of second-handed sources. You will readily draw the conclusion, that I am what I am, a changed creature. From the prattling school-boy, in which capacity you recognized me but a few months since, you now behold me transformed into the ambitious transactor of a well-thriving mercantile business.—The recollection of the unison of ideas, which was visible between us, when together, has caused me to subjoin, for your consideration, a few remarks, shewing, (according to my opinion,) the advantages of a town life, and the supreme ascendancy which it holds, over that of a country life.

The advantages afforded to youth, by a residence in this town, are, indeed, numerous; in proof of which it will be unnecessary for me to inform you that its inhabitants are a well-educated and highly polished people: of that, you are already perfectly aware. Need I say that the variety of business, which engrosses the attention of every class of individuals in this town, is conducted upon principles of the fairest

nature, and with an expertness which reflects credit on themselves, as a community? This is a fact already well established throughout the country, and it needs not the feeble aid of my pen to corroborate the statement. It is also an indubitable fact, that the morals of this town are in as high a state of refinement, as those of any other place of equal magnitude; and, it is highly probable, that upon an impartial examination into its natural principles, it would be found far superior, in that respect, to many of the towns and cities situated within the precincts of these United States.

But, setting aside the advantages which this town may maintain over many others, my present intention being an attempt to draw your attention to the pleasures of a town life, I propose, for your equitable decision, this candid question—whether it is preferable to become the busy speculator on merchandize, and thereby acquaint yourself with men and manners, or to remain the hardy cultivator of the soil, and thereby acquire a taste only for retired life? Does not the former speak the happy result of an enterprising mind, while the latter displays a direct contrast, and its affect merely offers a daily sameness, which, but to look upon, (to the man of business,) is death? By this conclusion, let it not be thought, that I would, in any manner, attempt to undervalue the services of the Yeoman or the Peasant—God forbid! I have too high a veneration for their labors, to use them disrespectfully. But, knowing that the time has nearly arrived, when you must select that course in life, which you intend hereafter to pursue, I have taken this early opportunity of laying before you what I conceive to be the pleasures of a town life; those of the country, you have daily before your eyes. I will only add, that, I have never lamented the step which I have taken in business—and I trust I never shall have cause to regret the aim which I have thus made at your welfare.

With sentiments of the sincerest regard,

I am, dear Frank, yours, truly,

D. W. D.

LEUCADEA AND RODOLPHO.

One beautiful moonlight night, in the midst of summer, an aged gentleman was returning, with his family, from a walk in the neighborhood of Toledo. His wife and he walked arm in arm, they were accompanied by their daughter, who was about seventeen, and by a female servant, their only domestic. This gentleman, who was of a decayed family, but of the most exemplary character, was named Don Carlos; his wife, named Donna Maria; and his daughter, whose figure was charming, but her mind still more beautiful, was named *Leucadea*. At this instant, appeared a young cavalier, who was going to the promenade. His name was *Rodolpho*. He was one of those dissipated characters, who imagine that noble birth and a rich inheritance are sufficient to dispense with virtuous sentiments and regulated con-

duct. He had just quitted the table; he was encircled by his libertine companions; and heated, like them, with wine. They soon came near Don Carlos and his family. It was like the rencounter of wolves with a flock of sheep. They stopped; they looked with an air of insolence on the good mother and her daughter. One of them proceeded to familiarities with the servant. The aged gentleman, interfering, was insulted. With a trembling hand, he drew his sword. *Rodolpho*, laughing, disarmed him; seized the helpless *Leucadea*, and forcibly carried her toward the city, escorted by his guilty companions.

While Don Carlos was uttering imprecations against these gay ruffians, Donna Maria, screaming with terror, and the servant in a state of distraction, the unfortunate *Leucadea* was in a swoon in the arms of her ravisher; who, having reached his own house, opened the private door, dismissed his friends, and carried his victim into his own apartment. He entered without a light, and without being seen by his servants. He shut the door; and, before *Leucadea* recovered her senses, completed the greatest crime which intoxication and brutality can suggest.

Rodolpho, without answering a word, left his chamber, shut the door, and hastened, no doubt, to be certain that no person is in the house, or in the street, could oppose the execution of his design. He was no sooner gone than *Leucadea* rose, went to one side of the room, and feeling about, found a window, the shutters of which she opened, determined to throw herself out of it. She was prevented by a strong lattice, through which the moon, in all her splendor, illuminated the apartment. *Leucadea* stood motionless, a prey to her reflections; then, looking round her, she carefully examined every thing in the room, the furniture, the pictures, the tapestry; and perceiving a crucifix of gold on an oratory, she took it, and concealed it in her bosom; then shutting the window, she waited, in darkness, for the barbarian who was to decide her fate. He soon returned; he was alone, and still without a light. He approached *Leucadea*, blindfolded her with an handkerchief, took her by the hand, without speaking, and without her daring to utter a word, brought her into the street. After a variety of turnings, he stopped with her near the great church. Here he quitted her, and hastily retired.

It was some time before *Leucadea* could venture to remove the handkerchief that blinded her. At last, not hearing the least noise, she took it off, and found herself near the cathedral. Her first idea was to fall on her knees, and address a fervent prayer to God.—She then rose, and with trembling steps returned towards her father's house. The unhappy father, and his inconsolable wife, were at this instant lamenting their lost daughter. They heard a knock! Don Carlos ran to the door, and opening it, beheld *Leucadea*! He clasped her in his arms, with an exclamation of indescribable joy. The mother hastened to this affecting scene; she flung herself into the

arms of her daughter; both embraced; both spoke to her at once; they called her their beloved child, their only joy, the sole support of their declining years. They bedewed her cheek with tears; they asked and repeated a thousand questions; and allowed her not a moment to answer them.

Leucadea, after the first tender emotions were over, threw herself at her father's feet, and with downcast eyes, and blushing face, related what had happened. Overpowered by her feelings, she was scarcely able to finish the melancholy recital. The aged father raised her up, and folded her to his bosom: "My dear daughter, (said he,) guilt alone constitutes dishonor, and thou art innocent. Interrogate thy conscience—can it reproach thee with one improper thought, or one word or action unbecoming thy sex? No; my beloved daughter, thou art still my virtuous *Leucadea*; my paternal heart loves and respects thee to a greater degree, perhaps, than before thy misfortune."

Leucadea, comforted by these assurances, could now lift up her eyes to her father. She shewed him the crucifix, which she had taken away, in the hope that it might one day enable her to discover her ravisher. Don Carlos took the crucifix, which he contemplated sometime in silence, the tears bedewing his cheeks. What were his emotions none but a paternal heart can conceive. When he found some utterance, his expressions breathed the deep-felt sensibility of wounded honor—of an injury received in the dearest part of himself. His emotions painted, with deeper anguish, the grief of *Leucadea*. The good Donna Maria, at length, somewhat calmed his mind; she took the crucifix from him; and the unhappy father, himself, endeavored to forget his anger, that he might again go and comfort his daughter.

After some days, spent in tears, the unfortunate *Leucadea* recovered, in some measure, her peace of mind; but she never left the house, as if apprehensive that every one she met would read her dishonor in her countenance. Her parents could with difficulty prevail on her to preserve a life that she now considered insupportable. For many days she would scarcely take any nourishment. Her affection, however, for her parents, and a sense of the important duties that would result from her new situation, as a mother, at last induced her to acquiesce with resignation in her melancholy lot. As soon as the expected period approached, Don Carlos and his wife hired a small country house, to which they retired without any servants. Even the assistance of a midwife was not called for: that office was performed by Donna Maria herself. *Leucadea* was delivered of a beautiful boy. He was carried to the baptismal font by Don Carlos, who gave him his own name. *Leucadea*, who had looked forward to her new situation with anguish, now felt all the force of maternal tenderness, and the sight of her son became even so necessary to her existence, that it was determined to keep him in the house, and to make him pass for the great nephew of Don Carlos. The family returned to Toledo, where no one had suspected the motive of their absence. The adventure of *Rodolpho* was unknown. He had left his native city soon after, for Naples; and *Leucadea*, universally respected and beloved, enjoyed the happiness of the ma-

ternal state, with the honors due to the character of the most exemplary virgin.

The little Carlos grew apace, and became more charming every day. His understanding, his manners, were beyond his age, which was not more than seven years. One day, when there was to be a great bull fight, he stood at the door of the house, in order to see the young cavaliers, who were going to fight the bull. He was alone; he wanted to cross the street, to see a party of them who were coming on the opposite side; in an instant, one of the horses ran away with his rider, and rode over the child, who lay prostrate on the pavement, screaming, and weltering in the blood which flowed from a wound in his head. The people crowded round him; and, on a sudden, a venerable gentleman, followed by a number of servants, who were attending him to the bull fight, saw the child, ran to him, took him in his arms, kissed him, wiped the blood from his face, sent one of his servants for the best surgeon in the city, and, hastening through the crowd, took the child to his own house.

Don Carlos, and his wife, and daughter, soon heard of the accident. The latter ran into the street, like a distracted person, crying out for her son. Her father, with difficulty, followed her, entreating her, in vain, not to call him her son. Every one pitied them, and told them the way which the old gentleman had taken. They ran, they flew to his house. They were conducted to the chamber where the child was already under the surgeon's hands. *Leucadea* arrived the first; she flew to her child; she pressed him to her bosom, bedewed him with tears of joy, and desired to see the wound. The sweet boy, who, still crying, began to smile the moment he saw his mother—he caressed her in his wonted way, and assured her he was not ill. The surgeon examined the wound, and pronounced it not dangerous. *Leucadea* made him repeat it a hundred times, while Don Carlos and his wife returned thanks to the gentleman for his humanity, telling him that the child was their great nephew; and endeavored to excuse the extreme affection which their daughter evinced for him.

When the surgeon had retired, *Leucadea* still sat on the bedside, and looking round the room, what was her surprise in recollecting the same furniture, the same pictures, which she had eight years before observed by the light of the moon! She beheld the same oratory from which she had taken the crucifix; the tapestry was the same; not a single article was changed. *Leucadea* had not a doubt that she was in the house, in the very chamber, to which her ravisher had conveyed her! She was thunder-struck at this sight; paleness overspread her face; it was succeeded by a glowing flush; and she fainted away. Every one flew to her assistance; and she was conveyed to her own house. Don Carlos would have brought the child away; but the humane and hospitable gentleman opposed it, entreating that they would not leave him till he was perfectly cured.—Don Carlos, intent on his daughter, yielded to these entreaties, and returned to his own house.

The moment they were alone, *Leucadea* disclosed what she had seen, and assured her parents that this was the house to which her ravisher had carried her.

Don Carlos determined immediately to procure every information concerning a person who was now so very interesting to him. He knew already that the name of the humane gentleman was Don Diego de Santelana; he soon learned that his only son was named *Rodolpho*; that this son had been at Naples nearly seven years; and that his residence in Italy, it was said, had rendered him as prudent and regular, as he had before been wild and disorderly. It was added, that this young man was the most handsome and accomplished in the city, and that he would have one of the greatest fortunes in Castille.

Don Carlos related this information to his wife and daughter. They could not doubt that this *Rodolpho* was the person who had dishonored *Leucadea*, but was it possible to suppose that he would repair the outrage, by giving his hand to a young lady, of a noble family indeed, but almost without a fortune?—Don Carlos could not conceive it possible, and was already meditating vengeance. *Leucadea* entreated him to leave the management of this affair to her.—Her father had some difficulty to grant this request; but he yielded at last to her pressing entreaties, and *Leucadea* became more composed. She reflected maturely on the steps she ought to take. Her son was still at Don Diego's, and was treated by that good man with the utmost tenderness. His wound was cured, and his mother, Don Carlos, and Donna Maria spent whole days with the amiable boy.

One day that *Leucadea* was alone with Don Diego, while this good man held little Carlos in his arms, while he kissed him, caressed him, and spoke with complacency of the warm and tender partiality that attached him to the child, *Leucadea* could not refrain from tears, and endeavored, in vain, to conceal them. Don Diego enquired why she was so much affected, with such an earnestness of sympathy and friendship, that *Leucadea*, at last, with downcast eyes, and sobbing, related what had happened in his house; shewed him the crucifix, which Don Diego knew; and concluded by throwing herself at his feet: "Your son has dishonored me, (said she,) and I embrace your knees. Your son has devoted me to infamy and wretchedness, and I cannot forbear to love you as the most affectionate of fathers." The little Carlos, who beheld *Leucadea* weeping, fell on his knees likewise, extending his arms to Don Diego, and entreated him not to afflict his good cousin—for by that name he called his mother. Don Diego could not be unmoved at this affecting scene. He raised *Leucadea* and her son, embraced them, and swore that *Rodolpho* should never have any other wife than *Leucadea*. That very day he wrote to *Rodolpho*, requiring his immediate return to Toledo, where he had found a suitable match for him. *Rodolpho* left Naples, and arrived at his father's house. It had been previously agreed that *Leucadea* and her parents should not be present at his arrival.

After the first moments he devoted to the pleasure of this interview, Don Diego introduced the subject of the match, which, he said, he had provided him. He expatiated on the riches of his intended bride, and concluded by presenting to him a frightful portrait which he had caused to be painted on purpose. *Rodolpho* started back with horror, and expostulated with his father on the impossibility of marrying such

a woman. Don Diego, with a severe tone, replied, that, in marriage, fortune was the only object of consideration. *Rodolpho*, on the other hand, inveighed, with great eloquence, against this principle; representing all the miseries of which it had been the cause, and adding, that his only wish had ever been to find a virtuous and amiable wife, on whom he could confer a fortune, and with whom he could enjoy that felicity which riches alone could never give. Don Diego, concealing his joy, affected to combat his son's opinion, when a servant entered to inform him that Don Carlos and his family were come to sup with him.

Never did *Leucadea* appear so beautiful; it seemed as if, by divine permission, her charms were, on that evening, to appear in all their lustre. She dazzled the eyes of *Rodolpho*, who eagerly enquired who was this charming woman. His father, pretending not to hear him, hastened to the two ladies, and perceived, with grief, that the face of *Leucadea* was covered with a deadly paleness, that her hands trembled in his, and, that, at the sight of *Rodolpho*, she was fainting. In spite of her efforts, her fortitude forsook her, and the tender *Leucadea* sunk senseless on the floor. *Rodolpho* ran to her assistance with an ardor and an anxiety with which his father was inexpressibly delighted. At length *Leucadea* came to herself, and they all sat down to supper. During this repast, *Rodolpho* could not forbear for a moment to contemplate the face of the beautiful stranger. She perceived it; but her eyes could not meet his. She spoke but little; but whatever she said had a grace, a fascinating charm, with a certain expression of melancholy, that added to the pleasure with which *Rodolpho* heard every word. The little Carlos, placed near his father, never ceased to notice him, as if by involuntary impulse. He spoke to him, he caressed him, and attracting his attention and tenderness, *Rodolpho*, delighted with him, said, that the father of such a child might think himself happy.

On rising from the table, *Rodolpho*, smitten with the charms of *Leucadea*, took his father aside, and said to him, in a respectful but resolute tone, that no consideration, whatever, could compel him to marry the person whom that horrid portrait represented. "It must be so, however, (answered the father,) unless you can prefer that young lady with whom you have just supped." "That young lady, (exclaimed *Rodolpho*,) I should be the happiest of men if she will condescend to accept my hand." "And I, (returned Don Diego,) shall be the happiest of fathers, if my son, by this alliance, expiate the crime with which he has sullied his illustrious name." He then related to *Rodolpho* what he knew; and, drawing from his bosom the crucifix of gold, "Behold, my son, (said he,) behold the witness of the horrid crime you have committed." *Rodolpho* blushed at this recital, and flew to throw himself at the feet of *Leucadea*: "I have deserved, (said he,) your hatred and contempt; but if the most respectful love—if the most sincere penitence, are worthy of some favor, do not refuse my pardon. One word from your mouth will render me, forever, the vilest and most wretched of men, or the happiest and most affectionate of husbands."

Leucadea, her eyes suffused with tears, beheld him

for a moment in silence; then, turning to little Carlos, she took him in her arms, and presented him to his father: "This, (said she, with a faltering voice,) this is my answer; may this child be the source of as much felicity to you as he has been of misery to his mother."

A priest was instantly sent for, with an alcaid and two witnesses; and the wedding took place the same evening. The beautiful *Leucadea* was rewarded for her filial piety; and *Rodolpho*, who had been long reformed, had the further satisfaction of finding, that there is no felicity to be compared to that of virtuous love.



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

To my friend A** D****, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

When *Winter's* storms are lull'd to rest,
And *Spring* returns, a welcome guest,
In robes of verdant beauty drest,
We then, perhaps, may meet again.

When years on years have roll'd away,
And sorrow's clouds obscure our day,
Destroying Hope's inspiring ray,
We then, perhaps, may meet again.

Or, should our life no sorrow know,
But joy's continual numbers flow,
And banish every thought of woe,
On earth we still may meet again.

But when th' immortal spirit's fled,
And the cold clay shall be our bed,
The pillow for a weary head,
O! then where shall we meet again?

Yes—when we pass Death's shadowy gloom,
And tread the chambers of the tomb;
Say, hast thou thought, canst thou presume,
To tell where we shall meet again?

Why, there's a home of rest above,
The mansion of our Father's love,
Where streams of endless pleasure move;
O! there we sure will meet again.

J. S.

A FATHER'S GRAVE.

Thou art dear, little spot, O, to me thou art dear,
For the ashes your bosom contains;
Though no willow is planted to shed the soft tear
On the sod o'er my Father's remains—

Though no Parian marble encircles the spot,
Though no ivy entwines o'er the tomb;
Still the grave of my Father shall ne'er be forgot,
While the wild flower remembers to bloom.

The leaf that I pluck'd from his grave where it grew,
Is now wither'd—forever decay'd;
So my father has gone—but affection, most true,
Shall remember the spot where he's laid!

And Oh! may I walk in the steps that he trod,
While o'er life's troubled ocean I roam;
With Religion to cheer me—I'll look to my God—
And to Heaven I'll look for a home.

When the last scene of life shall be acted and o'er;
When the cords of existence are riven;
When I leave this rough region to wander no more,
May I meet my dear Father in Heaven.

OF TWO EVILS, CHOOSE THE LEAST.

Come, Mother, tell me, if you can,
Which I'd best marry, Sue or Ann:
Sue, really, is a pretty girl,
But then she loves fine dress too well;
I fear her fondness to be gay
Would take my earnings all away.
Miss Ann, it's true, is never neat,
She's something slut, from head to feet;
But, still, her person I prefer,
And think, if once she married were,
She would be trim, and nice, and clean,
And always decent to be seen.
Your kind advice, therefore, I crave,
So, let me your opinion have.

Son, since you ask my kind advice,
I'll give it to you, in a trice:
Extremes, I do not love to see,
So well as mediocrity:
They seldom do a blessing prove,
In simple friendship, or in love:
But since no other female can
Your fancy please, but Sue or Ann,
My kind advice, I frankly own,
Is, let the sluttish girl alone.

A tawdry girl, may chance be neat,
And reason may resume its seat,
And hold its empire o'er her mind,
And lead her in the middle line.
When bound by love, in Hymen's chain,
She may be prudent, neat and plain.
But she that's young, and sluttish too,
Will, with her age, more sluttish grow;
If neat, she will not dress to gain
A husband, which, for to obtain,
The fair oft use their utmost skill,
In all their dress from head to heel—
Be sure, when Parson Grave has tied
The sloven Miss, secure a bride,
From slut to slattern, on she'll go,
Besmeared with filth from top to toe;
For, she that's slut at seventeen,
Will be at twenty, [if a wife,] a downright queen.
And he who takes a slut to wife,
Is sure to have a slut for life.
Therefore, my son, let reason's voice
Direct thee in a prudent choice:
'Tis wisdom, sure, by all confess'd,
That, of two evils, choose the least.

THE TOMB OF ELIZA.

Stranger ! if by worldly views
Thy heart is dead to love's control ;
If feeling never nurs'd with dews
The rose of passion in thy soul—
Turn from this grave thy sullen tread,
For this is pity's holy shrine ;
The lilies that surround the dead
Would shrink from such a hand as thine.
But if thy breast, with ardor warm,
Beats to the thrilling glance of beauty ;
If thou hast knelt to woman's charms,
With all of love's enraptured duty—
Then, stranger, pause, and linger here,
For love and pity seldom sever ;
And frame the sighs to passion dear,
Where Eliza sleeps, alas ! forever.

Sweet maid, within thy gentle breast
Affection bloom'd, Oh, how sincerely !
And why did fate, with frown unblest,
Break a fond heart which lov'd so dearly ?

For, cold beneath the western wave,
Her lover found an icy pillow ;
No flower to deck his lonely grave,
No death shroud but the foaming billow.

The spirit of the morn had sigh'd,
Delighted o'er the rose's bloom ;
But sorrow came, with withering stride,
And swept its beauty to the tomb.

Stranger ! if love awake your sighs,
And love and pity seldom sever,
Pause where that rose of beauty lies,
Where Eliza sleeps, alas ! forever.

SONGS OF A STRANGER,

BY LOUISA S. COSTELLO,

A very sweet and unassuming little volume, written with all the grace and feeling of woman's inspiration. Many a traveller's tale turned to the use of poesy ; some neat translations from the Italian, and some songs of love and sorrow—such are its contents. It is a simple but pretty garden, and we cannot do better than gather one or two of its flowers.

Say not my years too few have been,
To learn the world's deceit—
That seldom, in life's varied scene,
May youth and sorrow meet :

Will sorrow be content to sleep
Till time has roused its power ?
Is there a *date* to learn to weep—
Comes it not every hour ?

The fatal word by fate impress'd
On childhood's tender page,
Chides every joy of youth to rest,
And leaves a life of age.

And though a momentary light
Might sparkle from my eye,
'Twas but the meteor of a night—
No native of the sky.

SONG.

[BY T. CAMPBELL.]

Drink ye to her that each love's best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
Paints silently the fair,
That each should dream of joys he's had,
Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
From hallow'd thoughts so dear ;
But drink to them that we love most,
As they would love to hear.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1825.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

A man, by the name of Edward Wilkie, was, in the year 1814, convicted, in the city of Philadelphia, on several bills of indictment, for larceny, and sentenced to six years imprisonment, at hard labor, in the penitentiary ; but by some means he soon escaped from prison, and was never apprehended till within a few days past, when he ventured back to that city, after having been absent more than ten years ; he was identified, apprehended, and again imprisoned to fulfill the original sentence of the law. When he escaped he was only 16 years old—and had, during his absence, served an apprenticeship to a trade.

UNNATURAL OCCURRENCE.

We learn, by a communication from the Osage Mission, (says the St. Louis Advocate,) that about the 27th of September last, an Osage woman was delivered of two children, a male and female ; and, that shortly after their birth, the unnatural mother expressed a determination to put them to death ; from this, however, she was prevented by her sister, who used every persuasive means to reconcile the mother to her infants, but she obstinately refused them the care and nourishment which nature designed for them ; saying, if the children were brought nigh her, she would kill them. There was no alternative left, but for the sister to bestow on the abandoned infants, such care as was in her power ; and being destitute of all means, sustained them *seven days on water* !—The mother, as though possessed of some evil spirit, and predetermined on her purpose, on the evening of the seventh day, prevailed on an old squaw to steal the children and secrete them in the woods to perish. In this the old wretch succeeded ; but on the next morning, the 8th day, the Rev. Mr. Paxley, one of the missionaries, was informed, by an Indian woman, of the fact, which induced Mr. P. in company with Mr. Bright, of the same family, and Mr. Dunlap, blacksmith to the Osage nation, to go immediately in pursuit of some Indian from whom they could obtain information respecting the fate of the children ; and, in their enquiries, met with an old Indian woman, who informed them, if they would pay her, she would conduct them to the place where the children were concealed. This extraordinary demand was

complied with, and the party was conducted along a small Indian trace, until they reached within about half a mile of the residence of Mr. P. to a large thicket of briars, which the squaw passed, apparently by design ; but Mr. Paxley discovered a track leaving the trace, which he pursued into the thicket, and found the children both tied up together in a piece of an old blanket, and, to his great joy, both living ; one, sucking the cheek of the other. Mr. P. carefully took the little foundlings to his residence, where our informant saw them, twelve days after, doing well.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

In order to render the LADIES MUSEUM more worthy of the patronage of its numerous subscribers, and with a further view of encouraging "Native Literature," we now offer the following Premiums :

1st.—For the best original *Tale* or *Essay*, to occupy about two pages of the Museum, a complete set of the Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare—Book-Store price \$10.

2d.—For the second best original *Tale* or *Essay*, as above, the first volume of the Ladies Museum.

All communications must be addressed to "EATON W. MAXER, Providence, R. I." prior to the tenth of March next—when the premiums will be awarded by a committee of gentlemen selected for that purpose. It is expected that communications from a distance will be post paid.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The favors of "J. S." and "J. L." have been received, and shall be attended to in our next.



MARRIED,

In this town, on Tuesday evening last, by Rev Mr. Crocker, Mr. Jeremiah Jackson Cole, to Miss Mary Ann Mitchell, of this town.

In Pawtucket, on Thursday evening week, Mr. Edward Jenks to Miss Fidelia E. Hawkins, all of that place.



DIED,

In this town, on Monday evening last, after a long illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Corp, in the 95th year of her age, relict of the late Mr. John Corp, and daughter of the late Mr. Richard Waterman. She was the oldest person in Providence, except one.

On Tuesday morning last, Ann Frances, infant daughter of Mr. Albyn V. Dike.

In Attleborough, Mass. on Friday week, Mr. Joseph A. Richards, in the 76th year of his age.

New subscribers for the LADIES MUSEUM can have the numbers from the commencement of the volume, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, by paying the same within three months from the time of subscribing.